

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, December 6. 1711.

PAULO MAJORE CANAMUS.

C'Est à vous, *mon Esprit*, à qui je veux parler.
 Vous avez des défauts que je ne puis celer.
 Assez & trop long-temps ma lâche complaisance
 De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'insolence.
 Mais puisque vous poussez ma patience à bout,
 Une fois en ma vie il faut vous dire tout.

Boileau au son Mesme Satire IX, pag. 51.

When

When I first began to look round me upon the Attacks of the Croud in this Day, it put me in Mind of the Famous *Boileau*, whose Case was the very same, and his Course was just what I have resolv'd on: That Extraordinary Genius finding himself Attack'd by all the Mob of the Age, falls upon himself to know what was the Reason of it; I resolve to imitate him in this, tho' I cannot pretend to come up to the Spirit of the Author, yet the Cases being so alike, will assist in the Imitation.

C'est à vous, *mon de Foe*, à qui je veux parler.

Does't thou think, *Daniel*, like *Cato*, to talk Satyrically to Men about Vertue and of Vice, and tell this knowing Age what they should or should not do? Tell Authors how to write, and *self-wise* Scholars what to know; all the *Observers* will fall upon thee, call the Fool, and tell thee thou knowest nothing?

—— Dans vos livres caprices
Discourir en Caton des vertus & des vices,
Décider du mérite & du prix des Auteurs,
Et faire impunement la leçon aux Docteurs,

Will't Thou, who art so full of Blunders and Errors, so Empty and Weak, take upon thee to Reprehend others, and Write Satyrs with as much Gall and Fury as pleads at the Bar, or as *Abel R—r* Writes *Post-Boys*?

Dans vos discours chagrins plus aigre & plus mordant
Qu'une femme en furie, ou *Guatier* en plaissant.

What unlucky Star, were't Thou, *De Foe*, born under, that thou shouldst Attempt to write? Does't thou not know,

—— que sur ce Mont sacré,
Qui ne vôle au sommet tombe au plus bas degré;
Et qu'à moins d'être au rang d'*Horace* ou de *Voiture*,

That he that does not arrive to the *Spe&ator*, falls down as low as the *Observer*; That a Poet must be the Laureat or the Ballad-Maker, and is destin'd to the Crown of the Dunghill.

Monsieur Boileau brings it yet nearer.

Mais pour *Cotin* & moi qui rimons au hazard:

—— fit Poètes par art;

But what a P—— has *Cotin* (*Observer*) to do to write Politicks? He had better go of Errands, and then he may die in the Way of his calling —— What tho' a heap of Coxcombs stand up and defend him? This can give no Genius, excite no Wit, and the Man does but Encrease the Library of *Rich Blockheads*, or make the Book-seller get Money at the Price of telling the World what a Fool the Author is.

Et

Et du bruit dangereux d'un Livre temeraire,
A vos propres perils enrichir le Libraire ?

This is so lively a Representation of Mr. Boileau's Case, that I cannot forbear Reproving myself for meddling with the Noisy World, or the Authors in it—— Can it be worth while for a Man when he is handling the Weighty Affairs of the bringing two Nations together, after a long and a dreadful War, to make an End of the Spoil, and of the Effusion of Blood, and

come to Peace? Is it worth while to step aside to talk to the Mob and Rabble that insult both Sides?—This is something like a Man Riding Post upon Life and Death, stopping on the Road to talk to a Beggar Man.

But I may say, the Impertinence of these People are a Nuisance to me, and move me, —See the Poet again,

Quel démon vous irrite, & vous porte à médire ?
Un livre vous déplaist. Qui vous force à le lire ?
Laissez mourir un Fat dans son obscurité.

What Evil Spirit moves Thee, *Daniel*, to read the Nonsense and Ribaldry that these Men Write? canst thou not let them die in their own Obscurity? Must thou immortalize waste Paper, and Rob the Grocers and Tobacco-Men, force Posterity to preserve the Dullness of *Catin*, or the *Observer*? These Men Affront the Queen, disturb the Government; Well! Does the Queen take any Notice of them? Does

the Government write against them? Why must thou stop to take Notice of them? Let them go on, let them Rail; Does the Moon stop her Course, tho' all the Dogs in the Parish bark?——Let them alone, go on, Discourse, Argue, lay down solid Maxims of Truth, and let the *Observer*, let *ABELL*, let Pamphlets and Lampoons make a Noise, are they not silent'd in their own Clamour?

Que vous ont fait Perrin, Bardin, Pradon, Bourfaut,
Colleter, Pelletier, Titreville, Quinaut,
Dont les noms en cent lieux, placez comme en leurs niches
Vont de vos vers malins remplir les hemistiches ?
Ce qu'ils font vous ennuie.——

Let all the Writers Cavil, Rail, Observe, and Object, they stand but just as so many Statues in their *Niches*, and deserve no manner of Notice——Say something that no-body Understands, and you shall find every Fool in the Town do the same.

To pursue this Humour, which I purpose to continue, I have, according to the Advice foregoing, given the Opposers a small Distich in a Language, perhaps they do not so well Understand, except the pro-

foundly Learned *Observer*, to whom they are Recommended——I receiv'd them in a Penny-Post Letter from the Man in the Moon, and the last Time I made a Journey to the Lunar Regions, I had all the Skill in Translating them that I pretend to——However, that I may not leave the World wholly in the Dark about them; I have given a brief Paraphrase of them——And when I have farther Enquir'd, you may be farther Inform'd.

*Wondeln Indulgen na Perixola Metartos,
Strigunia Crolas Xerin Hytale Tylos ;
Farnicos Galvare Orpto Sonamel Egonsberch,
Sihlona Sipas Gullia Ropra Tylos.*

Charles now you're Mounted to th' Imperial Throne,
Seek no new Crowns, but govern well your own :
The Errors of your Ancestors give o're,
And what they took from *Germany*, restore ;
That Heaven, while you partake not of their Guilt,
May not require of you the Blood they spilt :
Let Bigotry and Persecution cease,
And Cloath bright *Isters* Flowery Banks with Peace :
Learn but the *German* Princes to Unite,
They'll learn you how to Conquer and to Fight :
Keep but the Church's Bloody Banner Furl'd,
You're strong enough for all the Christian World ;
The Laws of Right and Liberty Advance,
You'll quickly be an over-match for *France*.

But if you seek the *Spanish* Crowns to join,
And dip your Hands in their *Peruvian* Mine ;
The vain Ambition's Fatal, and you'll grow,
A Tyrant then, and *Europe's* Peace o'rethrow.

I may have several More of this kind,
particularly one Calculated to the Meridian
of Imperial Gratitude — And comparing
the Emperor's Letter lately Printed,
said to be Written to the Elector *Palatine*,
with one formerly Written from *Barcelona*
when he was in Distress, to Her Majesty,
together.

Also a New *Enigma*, or Query, contain-
ed in these few Lunar Words.

DEG HEKRETONIQUE.

Which being Interpreted, may signifie
either of these two Things.

Who is EMPEROR ?
or
Who made him EMPEROR ?

E R R A T A.

I N the last Review, for N^o 11. read N^o
109. Page 437. col. 1. for *Furieux en*
Comme un, r. *Furieux comme un*.

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